

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING SHE WAS TO BE MARRIED.

[BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.]

They tell me, gentle lady,
That they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair,
The bridegroom by thy side;
And I think I hear thy father's sigh,
Thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—
Their beautiful—their own.
I never saw a bride,
But my eyelids have been wet;
And it always seem'd to me
As though a joyous crowd were met
To see the sudden sight of all—
A gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness
For a name—and for a ring.
And other cares will claim thy thoughts,
And other hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around,
And brighter skies above:
Yet thou, when I behold thee next,
May'st wear upon thy brow,
Perchance, a mother's look of care,
For that which decks it now.
And when I think how often
I have seen thee with thy mild
And lovely look, and thy step of air,
O how mournfully, how mournfully,
The thought comes o'er my brain,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free
And girlish thing again.
But a voice is floating round me,
And it tells me of thy rest;
That sunshine shall illumine thy path,
That joy shall be thy guest;
That thy life shall be a summer's day,
Whose evening shall go down
Like the evening in the eastern clime,
That never knows a frown.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

[Concluded from our paper of last week.]

On awaking, Rip Van Winkle found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the w-begone party at nine-pine—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that flagon!" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. His now suspected that the brave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening, and if he met with any of the roysters, to demand his dog and gun. As he arose to go, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting to his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now tumbling down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his tortoise way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their roots and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had descended through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but the scene of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the great cascade tumbling in a sheet of foamy foam, fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny glade; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perambulations. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt furnished for want of his gun. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different kind from that which he was accustomed to. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, momentarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at the grey beard. The dogs, too, when he passed, were recognized for his old acquaintance, but they were larger and more savage than when he last saw them. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been familiar to him were strange. His mind now began to wander; he doubted whether both he and his dog were not bewitched.

Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has added my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his conjugal fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the little village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree which used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was stuck in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none whom Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election members of congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and raising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with an arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp nose penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm; but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church yard, that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Broom Dutter?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the battle of Stony-Point—others say he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony-Point—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's my yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh likely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the graybearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too has died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like loud peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war."

It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor; how that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government: happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon, about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine pins; and it is a common wish of all bespecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Mr. Isaac Hill, in a late speech in the Senate, runs a parallel between the characters of Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson—and comes to the conclusion that Jackson is the greatest man of the three!



Coach and Carriage Making, AND REPAIRING.

J. W. Rainey & P. J. F. Shaver,

Coach and Carriage-Makers,

Respectfully inform the Public generally, that they have entered into Co-Partnership for the purpose of carrying on the above business in all its varieties, and that they have, for that purpose, taken the shop

FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY PHILIP JACOBS, On the Main Street, opposite the old Jail.

They have on hand a good supply of the best carefully-selected and well-seasoned Timber, and will always keep on hand, for sale,

STAGE-COACHES,

CARRIAGES,

Carry-alls, Gigs,

SULKIES, &c.

Which shall not be surpassed by any in this section of country for neatness, durability, and cheapness.

For the benefit of Travellers and Stage-Drivers, they will always keep on hand CARRIAGE-SPRINGS and all other fixtures necessary to put those vehicles in the most complete order; and every description of REPAIRING will be done at the shortest notice and on the lowest possible terms.

The Blacksmithing Business

The Subscribers have attached to their Carriage-Manufactory, a BLACKSMITH-SHOP, in which they employ none but first-rate workmen and the very best materials—which enables them to assure their friends and the public that all work done by them, in this line also, will be of superior quality, and as low-priced as any other executed in this section of country.

* * The Subscribers deem it hardly necessary to say that they will be thankful for a portion of the public favor; and they hope, by strict attention to business, and moderate charges, to merit the patronage of all who may wish to purchase articles kept for sale by them or jobs done in their line.

JOHN W. RAINEY,

PHILIP J. F. SHAVER.

Salisbury, February 15, 1834.

The thorough-bred Horse



Eclat,

WAS raised in North-Hampton County—he is a beautiful sorrel, 5 feet 1 inch high, very heavy, has a splendid carriage—and is allowed, by all good judges, to be very superior in formation and action. He was gotten by the celebrated old race-horse Sir Archie; his dam was a Hal mare, gotten by Sir Hal; his grandam was Harriet Eaton, who was gotten by old Bellair, out of a Wild-air, which was called a very fine mare of her day. ECLAT's dam was raised in North-Hampton Co., by Mr. Eaton Fruar, who sold her, while young, to Mr. Seth Peebles, for \$375. His grandam (Harriet Eaton) was a mare well known by many people, and her performances under the saddle were equal to any other beast of her kind, both for ease to her rider and herself; she has been well tried, particularly in a long journey to the far west; she was once sold for \$300.

The subscribers hold in their hands documents that certify the Horse's Pedigree, but they feel a delicacy in attaching to this advertisement the names of the gentlemen who gave them, not having from them any special authority to do so. In point of formation of body, ECLAT is not to be excelled by any, if equalled.

He will stand the ensuing Season,

IN LEXINGTON & SALISBURY,

commencing in Lexington on the 15th of March, at the reduced price of \$4 the single leap, \$6 the season, and \$10 to insure a mare to be with foal. The insurance money will be recoverable as soon as the mare is discovered to be with foal; or sooner, if the property should be disposed of.

The Horse will attend regularly every ninth day at his stands, except when shown at public places or delayed by accident. The season will end on the last day of June. Care will be taken to avoid accidents to mares, but no responsibility can be assumed for any that may occur.

ALPHA PEEBLES,

JAMES McNAIRY.

February 22, 1834.

Aaron Woolworth,



Watch and Clock Maker,

BEGS leave to inform the Citizens of Salisbury, as well as those of Rowan and the surrounding Counties, that he has

Removed his Establishment

TO THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE COURTHOUSE, to a few doors above Mr. Wm. H. Slaughter's Hotel, on the Main Street,

Where he still continues, as heretofore, to execute

ALL KINDS OF WORK in the line of his profession, at short notice, And on the most reasonable terms.

WATCHES & CLOCKS REPAIRED BY HIM WILL IN ALL CASES BE

Warranted for 12 Months!

And those disposed to patronize him, are assured that no pains will be spared to give the most general and entire satisfaction to them.

ENGRAVING of every description, (including Tomb-Stones,) will be executed with neatness and accuracy, at short notice.

Salisbury, Jan. 27, 1834.

All kinds of PRINTING done here.

NEW GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW RECEIVING, AND OPENING,

A Large and Full Supply

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

CONSISTING OF EVERY ARTICLE

generally kept in a Country Retail Store; all of which he is disposed to sell LOW for CASH, or to punctual customers on short credits.

The public are requested to call, hear prices, and judge for themselves.

DANIEL H. CRESS.

Salisbury, January 6, 1834.

Earthenware, China,

Thomas J. Barrow

Importers—No. 88, Water

NEW-YORK.

Are now receiving their Spring Goods of Earthenware, China, and Fancy Goods, in very great variety.

THEIR stock is very extensive, embracing every article sold in the line; and, from their facilities in England, they are enabled to offer every inducement to their customers, in patterns, quality, and price. Merchants dealing in the line, will find it greatly to their interest to call, as the selections which have been made are with a view to the N. Carolina and Virginia markets, and every article will be put down to the lowest price which it can possibly be sold at.—From the efforts hitherto made to give our customers satisfaction, we hope for a continuance of patronage from North Carolina.

THOS. J. BARROW & CO.

Importers, 88 Water St.

New York, Feb. 15, 1834.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has this day qualified as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Anderson Ellis, deceased, and hereby requests all persons having claims against said Estate, to present them for payment within the time prescribed by Law; and all those indebted are hereby requested to make payment.

JAMES ELLIS, Executor.

November 23, 1833.

TIN WARE.

TO MERCHANTS AND PEDLARS.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS AT PRESENT ON HAND

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

TIN WARE,

Made of good materials and first rate workmanship, consisting of the following articles,

120 dozen COFFEE POTS, assorted sizes;

40 dozen Open Buckets, ditto;

30 dozen Covered ditto, ditto;

78 dozen Cream and Patty Pans, ditto;

40 dozen Lights of Candle Moulds;

12 dozen Milk Strainers;

68 dozen PANS, assorted sizes;

32 dozen Measures, ditto;

24 dozen Funnels;

100 dozen TIN CUPS;

20 dozen Milk ditto;

12 dozen WASH BASONS.

— ALSO —

Cullenders, Stew Pans, Watering Pots, Card Stands, Oil Stands, Bugles, Blow Horns, Lanterns, Pepper Boxes, Graters, Dippers, Dressers Scoops, Stage Lamps, &c. &c.

Beeswax, Feathers, Tallow, Pewter, Old Copper, Wool, and Iron, taken in exchange.

DANIEL H. CRESS.

Salisbury, January 6, 1834.

Salisbury Male Academy.

THE SECOND SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL COMMENCE

On Friday the first of November next.

THE Subscribers, thankful for past patronage, pledge themselves to enter upon the exercise of the next session with renewed zeal.

P. J. SPARROW,

T. W. SPARROW.

Salisbury, Oct. 5, 1833.

Charleston and Cheraw.



THE STEAM-BOAT MACON,

CAPT. J. C. GRAHAM,

HAVING been engaged, last Summer, in running between Charleston and Cheraw, calling at George-Town on her way up and down, will resume her Trips in the course of a few days, and is intended to be continued in the trade the ensuing season.

Her exceeding light draft of water, (drawing, when loaded, only about four and a half feet) will enable her to reach Cheraw at all times, except on an uncommonly low river, when her cargo will be lightened, at the expense of the boat.

J. B. CLOUGH.

Charleston, Sept. 26, 1831.

N.B. She has comfortable accommodations for a few passengers.

J. B. C.

FIRST RATE CARRIAGE

FOR SALE—CHEAP.

THE Subscriber has just completed all the repairs necessary to a second-hand Carriage which has for some time past been in his possession for that purpose, and now OFFERS IT FOR SALE, in pursuance of instructions from the owner, who has no use for it.

The Carriage is now as good as when new, and can be seen at my shop by those desirous to purchase.

JOHN I. SHAVER.

December 2.